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The Tale of the Basyn and the Frere and the Boy

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The Tale of the Basyn and the Frere and the Boy

Q721.4

Two Early Tales of Magic Printed from Manuscripts preserved in the Public Library of the University of Cambridge

London
William Pickering
MDCCCXXVI

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Wright, Thomas, 1810-1877, ed.

PR
2145
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C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

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TO

M. FERDINAND WOLF,

OF VIENNA, AS A TOKEN OF SINCERE REGARD

AND ESTEEM.

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PREFACE TO THE TALES OF A BASIN, AND OF THE FRIAR AND THE BOY.

BOTH the following poems have already appeared in print, in different modern collections, although in the one case not from the manuscript which I have followed. Our earlier ballads and stories illustrative of the popular superstitions and mythology are however scarce, and, when we meet with them, are worthy of preservation. I am sure, therefore, that no excuse will be necessary for printing, in preference to many other curious poems, two of the most generally popular of our tales of magic and enchantment in the earliest forms that we at present know. They have both been published in different shapes up to a very recent period, and one is found, with little variation, among the national stories of many different peoples.

Among the old stories and miracles of the monks,

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there is no more common method of detecting and sometimes punishing crimes, than by fixing the offenders to the object of their crime, or to the place or thing which has witnessed it. The stories of the monks were sometimes the types of those of the peasantry, but they were, probably, still more commonly taken from them, and the similarity between earlier saints' legends and later popular tales, may, in very many cases, be taken as a proof of the antiquity of the latter. In the preface to the Tournament of Tottenham I have stated my reasons for believing the manuscript which contains the *Tale of a Basin*, as well as that ballad, to have been written in the earlier half of the fourteenth century. The story again makes its appearance, with some little variation, among the broadside ballads which were so common during the sixteenth and particularly the seventeenth centuries. In the catalogue of a collection of ballads which was in the possession of the late Mr. Heber, I find the following title—"The Lancashire Cuckold, or the Country Parish Clark betrayed by a Conjurer's inchanted Chamber Pot, *printed for J. Blare.*" This gives us good reason for believing that the story had not lost its popularity from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century. It occurs again in a common chapbook, "The History of Jack Horner, containing the Witty Pranks he played from his Youth to his Riper

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Years, being pleasant for Winter Evenings," of which the earliest copy I have seen is one of the Aldermary Church-yard books. It there forms chapter vi. "Jack's kindness to the Inn-keeper, whom he puts in a way to pay his debts." By this time the sect who were the object of popular slander was greatly changed, and the person of the monk is replaced by that of a Quaker. It must be premised that our hero (Jack) had obtained a pipe like that with which the Jack of our second ballad tormented the friar, and in a similar manner, and also a coat of invisibility, the substitute for the German tarnkappe. The inn-keeper, of whose wife the rich Quaker was amorous, is in distress, and unable to obtain two hundred pounds, which he is bound to pay on a certain day. Jack comforts him, and promises to aid him :—

"Mount thy bay nag, and take thy cloak
With thy warm morning gown,
And lodge within a hollow oak,
A mile or two from town.
There you may sleep in sweet content
All night, and take your rest,
Then leave it to my management,
And, sir, a pleasant jest
Next morning there you shall behold,
The like ne'er seen before,
Which shall produce a sum of gold,
Nay likewise silver store."

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The inn-keeper follows his counsel, and Jack, by means of his invisible coat, introduces himself into the house, and witnesses the feasting and familiarity of the Quaker and the hostess. In the night both, with their maid also, are fixed to the chamber pot, and Jack, by means of his magical pipe, leads them dancing through the town to the tree where the inn-keeper is concealed, who comes from his hiding place, menaces the Quaker with the same punishment as is threatened to the monk in the older ballad, and only lets him go on the payment of the two hundred pound of which he has need. The specimen we have given is sufficient to show the wretched doggerel for which the older spirited rhymes have been exchanged.

I ought to add that the *Tale of a Basin* has been printed by Mr. Hartshorne, in his Early Metrical Tales, but with its full share of the blunders by which that book is disfigured and rendered worse than useless. It had been previously printed by Jameson, with about equal accuracy.

The other tale I have printed, that of the Friar and the Boy, has been still more generally popular. The manuscript which contains our copy is proved by internal evidence to have been written during the reign of Henry VI., and not, as Ritson states, in that of Henry VII. Its shelf mark, in the Public Library of

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the University of Cambridge, is Ee. 4, 35, and, on account of the curious dialect in which it is written, the whole of its contents deserve to be published. Besides our tale, it contains a curious ballad of Robin Hood, which has been printed by Ritson, another copy of the ballad which Hartshorne has printed from the MS. of the same collection, Ff. 5, 48, under the title of "A Tale of a Father and his Son," and the ballad of "The King and the Barker," printed by Ritson in his Ancient Popular Poetry.

There was a copy of the ballad of the Friar and the Boy, in the Cotton MS. Vitellius D. xii. which was unfortunately one of those that perished in the fire. As that manuscript, from its contents, was evidently written by no illiterate scribe, we should probably have had there a more correct copy than the one now printed. But Ritson was wrong in supposing it to be the "most ancient copy of all," for if he had cast his eyes over the other articles in the vol. (see Smith's Catalogue), he would have seen that it could not have been written earlier than the latter end of the reign of Edward IV., and that it might have been written later, so that we are not sure that it might not have been a mere transcript of the printed copy of Wynkyn de Worde.

This last mentioned edition, of which only one copy is known to exist (that preserved in the Public Library

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of the University of Cambridge), in the one from which Ritson has printed the ballad in his "Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry." Another unique edition, printed by Edwarde Alde in the Poultry, is preserved in the Bodleian Library. A black letter copy, we do not know if it were a different edition from either of these, was in the possession of Anthony à Wood. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, Laneham mentions a printed copy of this ballad as being in the possession of Captain Cox, the Coventry collector.

In the following century we know that this ballad was printed in a broad-side. Ritson tells us that "In the Pepys [Pepysian] collection (No. 358) is a modernized copy, in the same stanza, apparently printed in Scotland, about the year 1680, beginning—

"There dwelt a man in my countrie."

Of the ballad in this form, there is a more modern edition printed at Dublin.

The last form which the ballad took, was that of a penny history, where the older form of verse is changed for the commoner ballad measure. I have before me the earliest copy that I know in this form, which was printed in Aldermary Church-yard. The details of the story are not changed, but a *second part* is added to it, in which Jack obtains three other gifts, equally formid-

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able, which he uses, without mercy, against every body he comes near. I have seen two different reprints of both parts, exactly similar to the older copies, both printed about 1811.

The story was by no means confined to England. It is still, with some little variation, preserved among the peasantry of Germany, and is as such given in the valuable collection of Kinder- und Haus-Märchen of the Grimms, under the title of "Der Jude im Dorn," where a Jew takes the place of the Friar. But in a note, the Editors have pointed out two early German dramatic pieces founded upon this story, in which the Monk retains his place. The Musician is there called Dulla, a name which is considered to be allied to Tyll or Dill Eulenspiegel, and the northern word Thulr, facetus, nugator. The tale is also found in a northern dress, under the title of "Herrauds ok Bosa Saga."

My chief inducement to print this ballad from the Cambridge manuscript, when the printed copy of Wynkyn de Worde is so much more correct and intelligible, was, as I have before hinted, the curious dialect in which it is written. I suspect it was the dialect of Shropshire, or of some adjacent county, from the use of *w* before words commencing with *o*, and *y* before those commencing with *e*. Thus they say at this day *wok*, for *oke*, *wullard*, for *owlard* (a young owl), &c. and, if I re-

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member right, *yessy* for *easy*, &c. Moreover, I suspect that the word *afforst* for *a-thirst*, is distinctive of the old dialect of the Welsh marches, for the beautiful manuscript of Piers Plowman, in Trinity College Library (Cambridge), which contains this word, bears almost conclusive internal evidence of being written in the purer dialect of that part of the county, though not, like our ballad, in the broad dialect of the illiterate peasantry. The following are the chief characteristics of the dialect of this ballad. The substitution of:—

e for *a;* as in eney.

ey for *i* long; leyffe, bey, heynde, keynde, beyde, deyner, mey, cheylde, peype, leyte, pleyte (plight), teyme, they (thy), seyde.

e for *i* short; lesten, thes, hem, thenke, wes, het, wenne (win), tell, hell, well, (for till, hill, will), begen, en (in).

oy for *oo* or *o* long; soyt, for sothe or soothe.

o, *oo*, for *u;* bot, dorst, pot, poot, corsed, foll, op, onder, trow (true), sopere, os (us).

oys for *ose;* roys, goys.

u for *ou;* ffull (foul), st. xviii.

ff for *v* chiefly after a long vowel; leyffe, wyffes, haffe, gyffe, saffe, geffe, dreyffe, leffe, loffe: so a-foue, for a-vow.

ff for *w;* ffomen (women), st. lxviii. see note.

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w for *v*, after *o* and *e*; lowved, lowyd, lowys, hewyl (evil), dewyll, owyrcome, hewyn.

t for *th*; soyt, fforet (forth), trowt (troth), boyt (both).

th, with *w* or *y* before it for *ght*; thowth, bowth, reythe, awth (ought), nowth (nought), bowth, meythe (might), neythe (night), dyth (dight), browth.

th for *t*; methe (meet), bethe (beat), lathe (late), peythe (pity).

w for *y*; bow, bawy (st. xv.), bowye (st. xviii.), for boy. In Shropshire, they now say *bwoy* and *bwau*, for boy.

The insertion of *w*, at the beginning of a word, before *o*; wolde (old), wother (other), wost (host), wore (our), wonley (only).

Of *y* before *e*; yessee, yete, yes (ease), yaver and yever (ever), yeverychone, yether (either), yeke (eke).

I have given the chief variations only of Wynkyn de Worde's copy of the Friar and the Boy, and that from Ritson's edition, principally where they were necessary to explain the errors and to supply the omissions of the rude scribe of the older copy.

Of the wood cuts, the initial B is from MS. Harl. No. 2895 of the 11th century: it is almost needless to say that its subject is the encounter of David and Goliah. The cut at the end of this preface is from a Latin Bestiary of the 12th century, in the Public Library, Cam-

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bridge, and that at the end of the notes is from the Missal in Trin Coll. lib. mentioned in the Preface to the Turnament of Tottenham.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

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i

Off talys and trifulles many man tellys /
Summe byn trew / and sum byn ellis /
A man may dryke forth the day / that long tyme dwellis /
With harpyng and pipyng and other mery spellis / With gle and with gamme.
Off a parson ze mowe here /
In case that hit soth were /
And of his brother that was hym dere /
And louyd well samme.

ii

The ton was his fadirs eyre of hows and of lande /
The tother was a parson / as I vnderstande /
A riche man wex he and a gode husbande /
And knowen for a gode clerke thoro goddis sande /
And wyse was holde.
The tother hade litull thort /
Off husbandry cowth he nort /
But alle his wyves will he wrort /

* * *

b.

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iii

A febull husbande was he on / as many az on lybe /
Alle his wybes biddyng he did it full rybe /
Hit is an olde seid saw / I swezze be seynt Tybe /
Hit shal be at the wybes will if the husbonde thryue /
Bothe within and withwte :
A wyke that has an ybell tach /
Thez of the husbond shalle haue a smache /
But zif he loke well abowte.

iv

Off that zong gentil man was a gret disese /
Aftez a zere oz two his wyke he myzt not pleese /
Mycull of his lande lay to the preests ese /
Eche tauzt hym euez among how the katte did snese
Rizt at hiz owne wille.
He that hade bene a lorde
Was nouthez at bedde ne at borde /
Ne duzst onys speke a worde /
When she bade be stille.

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v

Litull of husbondry the gode man con thynke /
And his wyke louyd well gode mete and gode
drynke /
Sye wolde nouther ther-fore swete ne swynke /
But when the baly was full lye downe and wynke/
And yest hir neder ende.
Soo long this like thei ladde /
That spende was that thei hadde /
The wike hir husbonde badde
Belyke forth to wende.

vi

To the parson thi brodyr that is so rich a wrech /
And pray hym of thi sorow sum del he wold
flech /
Fouryty pound of or fyfty loke of hym thu fech /
So that thu hit bryng litull will I rech /
Neuer for to white.
To his brother forth he went /
And mycull money to hym he lent /
And also sone hit was spent /
Therof they hade but lyte.

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vii

Micull money of his brother he kette /
For alle that he brozt he kezd neuer the hette /
The parson wex wezy / and thouzt he wolde hym
lette /
And he kaze long thus he kallis in my dette /
And zet he may not the :
Betwene hym and his wike / I wylle /
A drawzt thez is drawen amylle /
I will wete / soo haue I blisse /
How that hit myzt be.

viii

Zet on a day aftezwarde to the parson he zede /
To bozow mone / and he ne myzt spede :
Brothez / quod the pazson / thu takis litull hede
How thu kallis in my dett / thez-of is all my
drede /
And zet thu may not the /
Pezdy / thu was my kadezs eyre /
Off howse and londe / that was so keyze /
And euez thou lyves in dispayze /
What deuoll / how may this be ?

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ix

I ne wot how it fares / but euer I am be-hynde /
For to lifte manly hit come me be kynde /
I shall truly sey what I thynke in my mynde.
The parson seyde / thu me telle.
Brother / he sesd / be seynt Albon /
Hit is a preest men callis sir John /
Sich a felow know I non /
Off felawes be berys the bell.

x

Hym gode and curtesse I fynde euer moo /
He harpys and gytryns and syngs wel ther-too /
He wrestels and lepis and casts the ston also.
Brother / quod the parson / belife hame thu goo /
So as I the say /
Zif thu myzt with any gynne
The vessell owt of the chaumber wynne /
The same that thei make water in /
And bryng it me I the pray.

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xi

Brother / he seid blithly / thi wil shal be wrozt:
It is a rownde basyn / I have hit in my thozt.
As priuely as thu may / that hit be hider brouzt /
Hye the fast on thi way / loke thu tary nozt /
And come agayne anone.
Hamwards con he ride /
Ther no longer wolde he byde /
And then his wife began to chyde /
Because he come so sone.

xii

He hent vp the basyn / and forth can he fare /
Till he came to his brother wolde he not spare.
The parson toke the basyn / and to his chaumber it bare /
And a priue experiment sone he wroght thare /
And to his brother he seyde ful blithe /
Loke thu where the basyn sette /
And in that place thu hit sett /
And than / he seid / with-owtyn lette /
Come agayne right swythe.

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xiii

He toke the basyn / and forth [he] went /
When his wife hym saw / hir browes she up
hent:
Why hase thi brother so sone the home sent?
Hit myzt neuer be for gode / I know it verament /
That thu comes home so swythe.
Nay / he seid / my swetyng /
I moste take a litull thyng /
And to my brother I mot hit bryng /
For sum it shall make blithe.

xiv

In to his chaumber priuely went he that tyde /
And sett downe the basyn be the bedde side /
He toke his leve at his wyfe / and forth can he ride.
She was glad that he wente / and bade hym
not abyde:
Hir heyt began to glade.
She anone / rizt thoo /
Slew a capon or twoo /
And other gode mete they-too
Haskely she made.

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A kebull husbande was he on / as many a zon lyve /
Alle his wyves biddyng he did it full ryve /
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Shye wolde nouther ther-fore swete ne swynke /
But when the baly was full lye downe and wynke/
And rest hir neder ende.
Soo long this life thei ladde /
That spende was that thei hadde /
The wife hir husbonde badde
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Betwene hym and his wife / I wylle /
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Off howse and londe / that was so feyze /
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So as I the say /
Zif thu myzt with any gynne
The bessell owt of the chaumber wynne /
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As priuely as thu may / that hit be hider brouzt /
Hye the fast on thi way / loke thu tary nozt /
And come agayne anone.
Hamwards con he ride /
Ther no longer wolde he byde /
And then his wife began to chyde /
Because he come so sone.

xii

He hent vp the balyn / and forth can he fare /
Till he came to his brother wolde he not spare.
The parson toke the balyn / and to his chaumbez it bare /
And a priue experiment sone he wroght thaze /
And to his brother he seyde ful blithe /
Loke thu where the balyn fette /
And in that place thu hit sett /
And than / he seid / with-owtyn lette /
Come agayne right swythe.

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That thu comes home so swythe.
Nay / he seid / my swetyng /
I moste take a litull thyng /
And to my brother I mot hit bryng /
For zum it shall make blithe.

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In to his chaumber priuely went he that tyde /
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He toke his leve at his wyfe / and forth can he ride.
She was glad that he wente / and bade hym
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Hir heyt began to glade.
She anone / rizt thoo /
Slew a capon or twoo /
And other gode mete they-too
Hastely she made.

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xv

When alle thyng was redy/ she sent after sir John/
Priuely/ at a posterne gate/ as still as any ston:
They eton and dronken as thei were wonte to
done/
Till that thaym list to bedde for to gon/
Softly and stille.
Within a litull while sir John con wake/
And nedis water he most make/
He wist wher he shulde the basyn take/
Rizt at his owne wille.

xvi

He toke the basyn to make water in/
He myzt not get his hondis awey all this worde
to wyn/
His handis fro the basyn myzt he not twyn.
Alas/ seid sir John/ how shall I now begynne?
Here is sum wychcrafte.
Ffaste the basyn con he holde/
And all his body tremeld for colde/
Leuer then a c pounde he wolde
That hit were fro hym rafte.

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xvii

Ryzt as a chapman shulde sell his waze /
The basyn in the chaumber betwix his hondis
he baze:
The wyfe was agzevyd he stode so long thare /
And askid why so / hit was a nyce faze
So stille thez to stonde.
What / woman / he seid / in gode fay /
Thu must helpe / gif thu may /
That this basyn were away /
Hit will not fro my honde.

xviii

Upstert the godewyfe / for no thynge wolde she [lette /
And bothe hir hondis on the basyn she sette /
Thus sone were thai bothe fast / and he neuer
the bette. [i-mette
Hit was a mylle felishippe a man to haue
Be day or be nyzt.
They began clepe and crye
To a wenche that lay thame bye /
That she shulde come on hye
To helpe / zif she myzt.

c.

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xix

Upstert the wench / er she was halfe waked /
And ran to her maistrys all baly naked ;
Alas / seid hir maistrys / who hase this sorow
maked ? [were slayked:
Helpe this basyn were awey / that oure sorow
Here is a sory chaunce.
To the basyn the wenche she raste /
Fforto helpe had she caste /
Thus were they sone alle thre faste :
Hit was a nyce daunce.

xx

Ther thei daunsyd all the nyzt till the son con
ryse / [gise /
The clerke rang the day-bell / as hit was his
He knew his maisters councell and his tre..ise/
He thozt he was to long to sey his seruyse /
His matyns be the mozow.
Softly and stille thider he zede /
When he come thider he toke gode hede /
How that his master was in grett drede /
And brought in gret sozow.

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xxi

Anon as sir John can se / he began to call:
Be that worde thei come down in-to the hall /
Why goo ze soo? quod the clerke / hit is shame
for you alle /
Why goo ze so nakyd? foule mot yow falle:
The basyn shalle yow froo.
To the basyn he made a brayde /
And bothe his hondis theron he leyde /
The furst worde that the clerke seyde /
Alas / what shall I doo.

xxii

The carter fro the halle-dure erth can he throw /
With a sheuell in his hande / to make it clene / I
trowe /
When he saw thaym go rounde vpon a row /
He wende hit hade bene folis of the fayr / he
told hit in his saw /
He seide he wolde assay / I wysse.
Anneth he durst go in for fere /
Alle / saue the clerke / nakyd were:
When he saw the wench go there /
Hym thozt hit went amysse.

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xxiii

The wenche was his speciall / that hoppid on
the rowte.
Lette go the basyn / or thu shalle haue a clowte:
He hit the wench with a shevell aboue on the
towte / [dowte /
The shevyll sticked there fast / withowte any
And he hengett on the ende.
The cayter / with a sory chaunce /
Among thaim alle he led the dawnce /
In Englonde / Scotlond / ne in Fraunce /
A man shulde non sich synde.

xxiv [stounde /

The godeman and the parson come in that
Alle that fayre feliship dawnsyng thei founde /
The gode man seid to sir John / be cocks swete
wounde /
Thu shalle lese thine harnesse / or a c pounde /
Truly thu shalle not chese.
Sir John seid / in gode fay /
Helpe this basyn weye awey /
And that mone will I pay /
Er I this haynes lese.

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The parson charmyd the basyn/ that it fell thaim
fro /
Euery man then hastely on thaire wey can goo :
The preest went out of contre / for shame he
hade thoo :
And then thai leuyd thaire lewtnesse / and did
no more soo /
But wex wyse and waye.
Thus the godeman and his wyfe
Leuyd togeder with-owt stryfe :
Mary / for hir ioyes fyfe /
Shelde vs alle fro caye.

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THE FRERE AND THE BOY.

i GOD that deyde ffor vs all /
And drancke aysell and gall /
Kepe yow owt of blame /
And grant them good leyffe and long
That wyl lesten to songe /
And tent to my talke.

ii Ther was a man in thes contre
That had wyffes thre /
Be proseys of tyme:
Bey the kerst wyffe a sone he had
That was a hapey ladde /
And a partey heynde /
Corteys he was and keynde.

iii Hes ffather lowued hem well /
Bot hes step-dame neuer a dell /
Y tell yow as y thenke:
Sche thowth lost / be the rode /
That dydde the boye eney gode /
Ayder met or dreynke.

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iv And yet for soyt that was badde /
Not halfe ynowh therof he hadde /
Oft he was afforst.
Hes dame / hewyl mot sche fare /
Ofte sche ded the boy care /
As fer as sche dorst.

v To her husbond gan sche say /
Poot the bow awey /
That thow hast here:
I wes het ys a corsed lade /
Y wolde som man hem hade /
That wolde hem better chaystyse.

vi Than be-spake the god man /
For soyt / he seyde / dam /
He ys yong of age:
He schall beyde with me thes they yere /
Tell he be of more powyere /
To wenne better wages.

vii We hafke a man / a gret freke /
That ys yn felde / keppys oure net /
He slepys all the day:
He schall com home / so God me shelde /
And the boy schall go ynto the felde /
To kepe the bestes there.

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viii The weyke seyde / verement /
Sere / therto y alent /
Y holde het be the best.
On the morow / whan het was day /
The leytell boy toke the wey
To the ffellde foll prest.

ix Upon hes scholdere he cast hes stafke /
Off no man he ne care yafke /
All glad he was ynow :
Floret he went / the foyt to say /
Tell he cam on a playne /
Hes deyner floret he bare.

x When he het saw / het was bade /
Leytell gey thereof he hade /
And pot het op anon :
He seyde / mey dame lowys me not /
Be God that me dere bowth /
Thes ys a bare bane.

xi Upon a hell he hem set /
An wolde man with hem met /
Com oyer walkyng be the wey.
Good spede / god sone / the foyt to say :
And he seyde / welcome / be mey ffey.

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xii The wolde man seyde / I honger sore /
Hast thow oney mett yn store /
For to gyffe me?
The cheylde seyd / so God me saffe /
Thow schalt haffe soche as y haffe /
Wellcom schall ye be.

xiii The wolde man was gladde /
And than toke soche as he hadde /
And made hem ryght merey.
The wolde wan was yessee to plese /
He yete and made hem well at yes /
He seyde / son / godamarsey /

xiv For they met that thu hast geffe me /
Y schall geffe the yeftes thre /
Thow schalte hem not forgett.
The bow seyde / het ys best / y trow /
For me to haffe a bowe.
At berdes for to schete.

xv When the bawy the bowe bent /
And the arows onder the belt /
Therof he lawe lowde:
He seyde / had y now a peype /
And het were neuer so leyte /
Then were y reythe merey.

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xvi A peype schall thow hake allso /
Off trow not schall het goe /
I doe the owte of dowte :
All that schall the peype here
Schall not them stere /
Bot lepe and dans abowte.

xvii What schall the thothe be ?
Gyftes y schall geke the threy /
As y seyde before.
The bow lowhe lowde /
And seyde / syr / y hake ynowe /

xviii The wolde man seyde / I the pleyte /
Thow schalt hake that I the heyte :
Sey on and nou let se.
The bowye seyde than /
In ffeythe I hakke a stepdame /
Sche ffares ffull with me.

xix When mey ffather gekke me awth /
Be God that me dere bowth /
Sche ffares yn mey fface :
What teyme sche lokys so /
Y welde sche scholde let a blast go /
That meythe rynge all the plas.

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xx The wolde man sey to hem tho /
When sche lokys on the so
Sche schall begen to blowe:
All that may her here
Schall not hemselfe steye /
Bot dans on a rowe.

xxi Farewell / seyde the wolde man.
Farewell / seyde the cheylde a-geyn /
Y thanke mey leyfe of goode of the:
God / that ys most of meythe /
Safe the / bowe / be the day and the neythe.
Godamarsey / seyde the bowe.

xxii Then he drowe towarde the neythe /
Homard he went reythe /
As was hes ordenans:
He toke hes peype and began to blowe /
And all hes bestes on a rowe
Abowte hem gon dance.

xxiii Thos went he pypyng thorow the towyn /
Hes bestes folowed hem bey the sowne /
* * *

When he had pot hem vp yeuerychone /
He went hom sone anon /
Ynto the hall he dyd goe.

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xxiv Hes ffather at sopere satte /
The leytell bow spyed well that /
And seyed to hem non.
He seyde / ffather / God the spede /
All yowre bests y hafke hem browte.
A capons lege he toke hem then.

xxv That greued hes dames heyt face
* * *
And stared en hes fface.
And anon sche let a blast /
That all the compeney weye a=gast /
That weye yn that plays.

xxvi All they lowhe and hade god game /
The weyke weppyd ffor schame /
And welde be a=wey gone.
The boy seyde / wyll yow wyt /
Thes gonne was well schot /
And het had beyn a ston.

xxvii Corsedley sche lokyd on hem tho /
Another blast sche let goo
Sche was not well nortered.
The boy seyde / well yow se
How mey dame can let a pelet ffle.

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xxviii All they lowe and had god game.
The weyffe went awey ffor schame /
Sche was foll of schorow.
The god man seyde/ dam/ go they wey/
Ffor I sey / be mey ffeye /
They gere ys not all to borow.

xxix Afterwerde / as ye may here /
To the howse com a ffreyre /
To ley there all neythe.
The weyffe lowyd hem as a seynt /
Anon to hem sche made complaynt /
And tolde hem all a-reythe.

xxx We haffe a bowe yn the howse /
A corsed cnaffe ffor the nonys /
He deys me mekyll care:
Y dar nat loke hem vpon /
Y am aschamed / be sent John /
To tell yow how y ffare.

xxxi Methe hem yn the ffelde to-morow /
Bet hem and do hem sorow /
And make the boy lame.
Quod the ffreyre / I schall hem methe.
Sche preyde hem not forgeyt /
Do the boy schame.

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xxxii Y ffey the boys a coysed beche:
Y halde the boy a weche/
He greues me so sore. [methe/
Quod the freyre/ and I may the boy
I well hem bethe bake and seyde/
Troft me neuer more.

xxxiii The cheylde on the morow roys/
And to the ffelde sone he goys/
Hes bestes ffor to dreyffe.
The ffreyre leppyd owt at the zatt/
He wende to com to lathe/
And ran fforthe and bleythe.

xxxiv When he cam vpon a lond/
Leytell Geynkyn there he ffonde/
Kepyng hes bestes echone:
Boy/ he seyde/ God geffe the schame/
What hast thow do to they dame?
Tell thow me anon:

xxxv Bot thow can ackowse the/
Thow schalt a-bey/ y till the/
No leenger y well a-byde.
Take he seyde/ ffreyre/ what heylde the?
Hey dame fares as well as thow/
And that ys gret pethe/
What heyldes the to cheyde?

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xxxvi The bow seyde / well yow wet
How y can the berdys schete /
And other thynges allsco?
Yondyr leytyll berde that thu seyst set /
Y schall her schett /
And geff her the.

xxxvii The beyde satte on a breyre:
Schet on / quod the ffreyre /
That wolde y ffayne se.
He het the beyde on the hede /
That sche ffell down dede /
No fforther meythe sche flee.

xxxviii The ffreyre ynto the boschyes went /
Up the berde ffor to hent /
Hem thowt het was well doyn:
The boy cast awey hes bowe
Wheytley anon / as I trowe /
And toke hes pype anon.

xxxix As sone as the ffreyre the pype herde /
As a mad man he ferd /
He began to lepe and dans abowth.
Among the buschys smale and gret
The ffrere ffast gan leppe /
* * *

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xl The bryres scrat hem yn the ffays /
And yn maney an wother plays /
That fast he gan to blede:
He rent hes clothes hey and hey /
Hes cope and hes scapularey /
And all hes wother wede.

xli The boy lowhe and blew amonge /
The ffreyre leppyd yn the boschES yuys:
A hoppyd wonderley hey.
The boy seyde / and lowhe withall /
Thes ys a sport reyall
For a lord to sey.

xlii At the last the ffreyre leffyd op hys honde /
A seyde / y hafke dansed here all to lange.
I prey the / holde the stell /
Here mey trowt y pleyt the
Thow schalt not hafke no hayme ffor me.
Then seyde the boy anon /
Crepe owte at the ffeyther seyde /
Weytley that thow weye gon.

xliii The ffreyre owt off the bosschES went
All to-ragyde / all to-rent /
Toyen on euery seyde:
Anneyes had he a cloyt

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Ffor to wrap hes preveyte /
Hes harneys ffor to heyde.

xliv All that dyd the ffreyre se /
Weyr ffayne ffor to ffle /
They went he had be wod.

xlv When he cam to hes wost /
Off hes gorney he made no bost /
To gret nother to smale.
Moche sorow yn hert he hade /
Euery man of hem was drade /
When he cam yn to the hall.

xlvi The weyfe seyde / ffreyre / where hast
thow beyn ?
In coysed plas so thenkyt me /
Lekeley be thyne aray.
Dame / y cum ffram they son /
The dewyll hemselffe owyrcom /
Ffor no man hem may.

xlvii With that cam yn the god man /
The weyffe seyde to hem than /
Here ys a ffolle araye :
They son / that ys leffe and dere /
Haet almost slayn owre holey ffreyre /
Alas / sche seyde / and welawey.

e.

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xlviii The god man seyde / benedicite /
Wat hays the boy do to the ?
Tell me withowt let.
Syr / seyde the ffreyre / euyll mot he spede /
He made me dans / magre mey hedd /
Yn the breyres and bysches / with
Hay a-bowte.

xlix The god man seyde to hem tho /
Thow meytys a be sclayen so /
That had byn gret sen.
Ser / seyde the ffreyre / be wore ladey /
Hes pype went so meyeley /
That y cowd neuer blen.

l When het drow toward neythe /
The boy gan hom hem dyth /
As het was hes wone.
When he cam ynto the hall /
Hes ffather can hem call /
And seyde / com hether son :

li What hast thow do to the ffreyre ?
Tell me withowte lesyng.
Ffather / he seyde / yn god ffaye /
Y dyd no thyng to hem to-day /
Bot pypyd to hem a spryng.

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liii That pype / quod the god man / wold y
here.
God forfend / quod the freyre:
That ys an euyll tythyng.
Gys / quod the god man / by Godys gras.
The freyre creyed / owt and alas /
And hes handys ded wreyng.

liiii For Goddys lofe / quod the freyre /
And ye well the pype here /
Bynde me to a post:
For now y can non other redde /
Bot and y dans / y am bot dedde /
Mey leyfe y schall lose.

liv Strong ropes they hent yn hande /
The freyre on-tell a post they bond /
Yn medward of the hall.
All that at the soper satte
Lowhe and had god game att /
And seyde / the freyre schall not fall:

lv And seyde / pype on / god son /
When that yauer thow welt.
Father / he seyde / so mot y the /
Ye schall hafe gret plente.

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lvi Anon as yeuer the pype went /
There [n]as on that stell stode /
Bot then abowt they leppd:
All that dyd the pype here
Cowd not themselfe stere.

lvii The god man stod in no dyspyre /
But weytheley ros ffro hes sopere /
With ryght a god chere.
Som leppd owyr the stoke /
And som stombelyd yn the ffeyre.

lviii The good weyffe cam all beheynde /
And scharpeley gan sche loke /
When sche loked on her son Jake /
Weyteley her tayle spake /
And the weynd began to crake.

lix The ffreyre was allmost dede /
He croked hes hed agens the post /
He had none other gras:
The ropys wrong hem by the sken /
That the blod downe het ran
In maney a deyuars plas.

lx The bowe pyppd ynto the strete /
They leppd after / all the hepe /
Ther nas nat on cowed stent:

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They ran owt of the dor so theke /
That yether ffell yn others neke /
So weyteley they trepyd.

lxi Ther neybers that dwellyd there bey /
In places there they sat /
They lepyd weyteley ouer the hache /
So weyteley they were to lepe.

lxii Up they start that het hard /
Bothe les and yeke more:
They ran weyteley / the soyt to say /
Ynto the strete they take the wey /
Som as nakyd as they were bore.

lxiii When they were gedered all abowt /
There was a gret schowte
Yn medward of the stret:
Som were lame and meyt not go /
And yet they began to dans allso
On hondeys and on ffeyt.

lxiv The boy seyde / het ys best to rest.
Hes ffather seyde / y holde het best /
With a glad chere:
Seys on / sone / when thow welte /
Ffor thes is the meryst fest
That y hayd thes seyen eyr.

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lxv Thus whan they had danced all /
Som lowhe and had good game /
And som had maney a ffall.
Thow ffals boye / seyde the ffreyre /
Y somon the affore the amsezey.

lxvi Loke thow be there ffreyday /
Meyselffe schall mete with the there/and y may /
To seye they erand be=fforen.
Jake seyde / y make afoue /
Y am as redey as thow /
And thow welt go to=mozow.

lxvii Ffreydaye cam / as ye may here /
Boyt Jake and hes stepdame and the ffryre
All iij togedyr met :
The pype cam ynto the plas /
The offeciall was set.

lxviii There was moche to do /
Maters more than on or to /
Boyte with prest and with clerke :
Som had testmentes for to preffe :
And som ffomen / be yowr leffe /
Had strokys bethekys the legys yn the darke.

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lxix Euery man pot ffoyet hes cas:
Than cam fforet Tapias /
And Jakys ffepdame allso:
The ffreyre seyde / so mot y the /
Y hafke browth a boy to the /
That werket mekyll woo.

lxx He ys a gret negremansar /
In Horleyans ys not hes pere /
Bey mey trowth / I trow:
He ys a weche / quod hes ffepdame:
Than her tayle be weythe
Lowd began to blow.

lxxi Som lowhe / withoutyn ffayle:
And som seyde / dam / ffop they tayle /
Thow werecs all ames.
Dam / quod the offeciall /
Tell foythe they tale /
Let not ffor all thes.

lxxii The weyke was ffeyd of a crake /
Nat on worde more sche spake /
Sche derst not ffor drede.
The ffreyre seyde / so mot y the /
Boy / thes ys longe of the /
Euell mot the spede.

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lxxiii The ffreyre seyde / syr offeciall /
Thes boy well combyre all /
Bot he be chastysed :
ffor thes boy hayt a pype
Well make hes dans geney /
Tell howre hertes brast.

lxxiv The offeciall seyde / so mote y the /
That pype well y se :
Ye seyde / boy / hes het here ?
Ye scer / be mey ffay :
Anon pype vs a lay /
And make all chere.

lxxv The offeciall the pype hent /
And blow tell hes brow hen bent /
Bot thereof cam no gle.
The offeciall seyde / this ys nowth /
Be God that me dere bwthe /
Yet ys not worthe a sclo.

lxxvi Be mey ffay / qod the ffreyre /
The boy can make yet pype clere /
Y hescro hem ffor hes mede.
The offeciall bad the boy asay.
Nay / qod the ffreyre / do that away /
ffor that y fforbede.

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lxxvii Pype on/ qod the offeciall/ and not spare.
The ffreyre began to stare.
Jake hes pype hent.
As sone as Gake began to blow/
All they leppd on a rowe/
And ronde abowt they went.

lxxviii The offeciall had so gret hast/
That boyt hes schenys brast/
Apon a blokys hende.
The clerkys to dans they hem sped/
And som all ther eynke sched/
And som ther bekes rent.

lxxix And som cast ther boky at the wall/
And som ouer ther ffelowys can ffall/
So weytley they leppd.
There was withowt let/
They stombylled on a hepe/
They dansed all abowthe.

lxxx And yever the ffreyre creyd owt/
Y may no lengger dans ffor soyt/
Y hafke lost halfke mey cod ware
When y dansed yn the thornes.
Som to crey they began/
Mey boke ys all to-toren:

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Som creyd withowt let /
And som bad hoy.

lxxxi Som seyde het was a god game /
And som seyde they were lame /
Y may no leynger skeppe:
Som danced so long /
Tell they helde owt the towngе /
And anethe meyt hepe.

lxxxii The offeciall began to stare /
And seyde / hafke for they heyre /
Stent of they lay /
And boldeley halke of me
What thow welt hake for thy gle /
Y schall the redey pay.

lxxxiii Then to stend Jake began:
The offeciall was a werey man /
Mey trowet y-pleyt y the.
Thes was a god gle /
And seyde the worst that euer they se /
For het was nere neyth.

lxxxiv Then bespake the offeciall /
And leytley Gake can call /
Yes pype he hem hent /
And gafke hem xx s /.

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And euer more hes blesyng /
ffor that merey sset.

lxxxv When Gake had that money hent /
Anon homard he went /
Glad thereof was he:
And after / y onderstonde /
He wared a wordeley marchande /
A man of gret degre.

lxxxvi Hes stepdame / y dar say /
Dorst neuer after that day
Nat wonley ones desplese.
They lowyd togedyr all thre /
Hes fkather / hes stepdame / and he /
After yn gret eys.

lxxxvii And that they ded / soyt to say /
Tho hewyn they toke the wey /
Withowtyn eney mes.
Now God that dyed ffor os all /
And dranke aysell and gall /
Bryng them all to they bles /
That beleuet on the name Jhc.

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NOTES ON THE BASYN.

STANZA I.—Gloss. *byn*, are—*ellis*, otherwise—*spellis*, spells, games—*gle*, music—*gamme*, game—*ze*, ye—*mowe*, may—*here*, hear—*soth*, truth—*hym dere*, dear to him—*samme*, together.

St. II.—Gloss. *the ton*, the one (perhaps a corrupt form derived from the Sax. *thæt án*)—*eyre*, heir—*wex*, waxed, grew—*thoro*, through—*goddis sande*, God's sending—*holde*, held, considered—*thozt*, thought—*cowth*, knew—*nozt*, nought—*wrozt*, wrought, did.

St. III.—Gloss. *on*, one—*ryve*, readily—*withwte*, without—*tach*, spot, blemish—*smache*, taste—*but zif*, but if, unless.

St. IV.—Gloss. *zere*, year—*mycull*, much—*nouther*, neither—*borde*, table—*onys*, once.

St. V.—Gloss. *con thynke*, began to think—*swete*, sweat—*swynke*, labour—*baly*, belly—*neder*, nether—*spende*, spent—*belyfe*, quickly.

St. VI.—*wrech*, fellow—*sum del*, some part—*slech*, slake, allay—*fech*, fetch—*rech*, reck—*white*, know (?)—*lyte*, little.

St. VII. Gloss. *fette*, fetched—*ferd*, fared—*bette*, better—*lette*, stop—*fare*, goes on—*fallis*, falls—*the*, thrive—*wete*, know.

St. VIII.—Gloss. *zet*, yet—*zede*, went—*mone*, money—*ne myzt*, might not—*Perdy*, by God, par Dieu—*eyre*, heir.

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St. IX.—Gloss. *ne wot*, know not—*faris*, fares—*liffe*, live—*kynde*, nature—*sey*, say—*be*, by—*sich*, such—*berys*, bears.

St. X.—Gloss. *gode*, good—*curtesse*, courteous—*moo*, more—*harpys*, harps—*gytryns*, plays on the gitern—*lepis*, leaps—*belife*, immediately—*hame*, home—*zif*, if—*gynne*, contrivance—*wynne*, gain.

St. XI.—Gloss. *thozt*, thought, mind—*tary nozt*, tarry nought—*byde*, rest.

St. XII.—Gloss. *hent*, took—*fare*, go—*prive*, secret—*tbe*, an error of the press for *the*—*fette*, fetched—(*thu fette* I suppose it should be)—*with-owtyn lette*, without fail—*swythe*, quick.

St. XIII.—Gloss. *hase*, has—*verament*, truly—*mot*, may—*sum*, some.

St. XIV.—Gloss. *tyde*, time—*at his wife*, of his wife—*can*, began—*glade*, gladden—*rizt thoo*, right then.

St. XV.—Gloss. *ston*, stone—*eton*, eat (pl.)—*dronken*, drank (pl.)—*list*, it pleased—*gon*, to go—*con*, began (this word is thus commonly used as an expletive—*con wake*, i. e. awoke)—*nedis*, needs—*wist*, knew.

St. XVI.—Gloss. *myzt*, might—*worde*, world—*handis*, hands—*fro*, from—*twyn*, separate—*tremeld*, trembled—*lever*, rather—*c*, hundred—*raft*, riven.

St. XVII.—Gloss. *chapman*, merchant, hawker—*agrevyd*, grieved—*thare*, there—*fay*, faith—*gif*, if.

St. XVIII.—Gloss. *upstert*, started up—*lette*, delay—*bette*, better—*mysse*, ill—*felisshippe*, fellowship—*i-mette*, met—*be*, by—*clepe*, call—*hye*, high—*zif*, if.

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St. XIX.—Gloss. *er*, before—*baly*, belly (*baly naked*, stark naked)—*maistrys*, mistress—*hase*, has—*slayked*, allayed—*raste*, rushed (?)—*caste*, purposed, intended.

St. XX.—Gloss. *son*, sun—*gise*, manner—*tre . . ise*, ? — *to*, too—*be the morow*, by morning—*thider*, thither—*zede*, went —*grett*, *gret*, great.

St. XXI.—Gloss. *can se*, began to se—*ze*, ye—*foule mot*, foul may—*froo*, from—*brayde*, start—*leyde*, laid—*furst*, first.

St. XXII.—Gloss. *halle-dure*, hall-door—*erth*, earth—*shevell*, shovel—*thaym*, them—*folis*, fools—*saw*, saying—*assay*, try if it were so—*unneth*, scarcely—*fere*, fear—*hym thoxt*, it seemed to him.

St. XXIII.—Gloss. *speciall*, sweetheart—*towte*, backside—*hengett*, hung—*non sich*, none such.

St. XXIV.—Gloss. *godeman*. goodman—*stounde*, moment—*feliship*, fellowship—*be cocks wounde*, a corruption of *by God's wounds*—*chese*, choose—*fay*, faith—*mone*, money—*lese*, lose.

St. XXV.—Gloss. *charmyd*, charmed—*thaim fro*, from them —*contre*, country—*thoo*, then—*levyd*, left—*lewtnesse*, lewdness *ware*, cautious—*levyd*, lived—*ioyes fyfe*, five joys.

L. 8. *ioyes fyfe*. The *five joys* of the Virgin Mary are the subject of a multitude of old English songs and poems.

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NOTES ON THE FRERE AND THE BOY.

St. I.—Gloss. *deyde*, died—*aysell*, vinegar—*leyffe*, life—*lesten*, listen—*tent*, attend.

L. 3, 6. In this ballad, which has been taken down from memory and recitation, the substitution of words of a somewhat similar meaning, for those which had been in the original, has often spoilt the rhyme. Here, for *blame* and *talke*, W. de Worde's copy gives correctly *bale* and *tale*.

The modern copy places the scene of the tale in Lancashire—

> " An honest man in Lancashire,
> Two wives he did enjoy.
> Now by the first it doth appear
> He had a pretty boy,
> With rosy cheeks and curled hair
> His eye-brows something sad,
> And if the truth I do declare,
> He was a pretty lad."

St. II.—Gloss. *thes*, this—*contre*, country—*wyffes*, wives—*be proseys*, by process—*bey*, by—*hapey*, happy, lucky—*partey*, pretty—*heynde*, lad—*corteys*, courteous—*keynde*, kind.

L. 1. ' dwelled a husbonde in my c.' W.

L. 5—7 for these three lines, W. has

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"That was a good sturdy ladde,
And an happy hyne."

St. III.—Gloss. *hes*, his—*lowued*, loved—*hem*, him—*bot*, but—*dell*, bit—*y*, I—*thenke*, think—*sche*, she—*thowth*, thought—*be the rode*, by the rood, by the cross—*eney*, any—*ayder*, either—*met*, meat—*dreynke*, drink.

St. IV.—Gloss. *soyt*, sooth—*ynowh*, enough—*afforst*, thirsty—*hewyl*, evil—*mot*, may—*ded*, caused—*ffer*, far—*dorst*, durst.

L. 3. 'but evermore of the worste.' W.

afforst.—A provincial form of *a-thirst*. In Piers Ploughman (the MS. of Trin. Coll. Camb. B. 15. 17), the first line of an alliterative couplet is—

"a-fingred and a-first,"

i. e. a-hungred and a-thirst, hungry and thirsty. In the MS. of the *Cursor Mundi* in Trin. Coll. Library, the word *a-first* for *a-thirst* also occurs, as well as in the Harleian copy of the English romance of Horn, printed by Ritson, (v. 1115.)—

"Horn set at grounde,
Him thohte he wes y-bounde,
He seide, Quene, so hende,
To me hydeward thou wende,
Thou shench us with the vurste,
The beggares bueth *afurste*."

Where Ritson, ridiculously enough (because unmeaningly), explains *afurste* by *at first*. In the Cambridge copy, earlier and better than the Harleian, the passage stands thus:—

"Horn sat upon the grunde,
Him thuzte he was i-bunde,

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He sede, Quen, so hende,
To me-ward thu wende,
Thu zef us with the furste,
The beggeres beoth *of thurste.*"

St. V.—Gloss. *poot*, put—*bow*, boy—*wes*, wis, know—*het*, it—*corsed lade*, cursed lad—*hem*, him.

In W. this stanza is given as follows:—

'The good wyfe to her husbonde gan saye,
I wolde ye wolde put this boye awaye,
And that ryght soone in haste;
Truly he is a cursed ladde,
I wolde some other man hym had,
That wolde hym better chaste.'

St. VI.—Gloss. *god*, good—*soyt*, sothe, truth—*dam*, dame—*beyde*, bide—*thes they*, this three—*tell*, till—*powyere*, power—*wenne*, win, gain.

L. 4. 'this yere,' W.

L. 5. 'Tyll he be more strongere,' W.

St. VII.—Gloss. *haffe*, have—*ffreke*, fellow—*felde*, field—*kepys*, keeps—*net*, cattle—*slepis*, sleeps—*shelde*, shield.

L. 6. 'To kepe our beestes yf he may,' W.

St. VIII.—Gloss. *weyfe*, wife—*sere*, sir—*het*, it—*leytell*, little—*prest*, ready, speedy.

St. IX.—Gloss. *hes*, his—*yaffe*, gave—*ynow*, enough—*fforet*, forth—*deyner*, dinner—*bare*, bore, brought.

'Of no man he had no care,
But sung 'hey howe, awaye the mare,'

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And made joye ynough;
Forth he wente, truly to sayne,
Tyll he came to the playne,
Hys dyner forth he drough.' W.

St. X.—Gloss. *bade*, bad—*gey*, joy—*pot*, put—*op*, up—*mey*, my—*lowys*, loves—*bowth*, bought—*thes*, this—*bane*, bone.

St. XI.—Gloss. *hell*, hill—*set*, sat—*an*, a—*wold*, old—*hem*, him—*oyer*, (?)—*be*, by—*good*, God—*god sone*, good son—*be mey ffey*, by my fay, by my faith.

L. 4. 'Sone, he sayde, God the se!
Syr, welcome mote ye be,
The lytell boye gan saye.' W.

St. XII.—Gloss. *wolde*, old—*honger*, hunger—*oney*, any—*mett*, meat—*gyffe*, give—*cheylde*, child—*saffe*, save.

St. XIII.—Gloss. *merey*, merry—*yessee*, easy—*yete*, eat—*yes*, ease—*godamarsey*, God thank you.

St. XIV.—Gloss. *they*, the—*geffe*, given—*geffe*, give—*yeftes*, gifts—*thre*, three—*bow*, boy—*berdes*, birds—*schete*, shoot.

St. XV.—Gloss. *bawy*, boy—*onder*, under—*lawe*, laughed—*peype*, pipe—*leyte*, little—*reythe*, right.

Between the last stanza and this in the edition of W. de Worde we have the following, which seems to have been omitted in the MS. by an oversight.

'A bowe, sone, I shall the gyve
That shall last the all thy lyve,
And ever a lyke mete,

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Shote therin whan thou good thynke,
For yf thou shote and wynke,
The prycke thow shalte hytte.'

L. 1. 'Whan he the bowe in honde felte,' W.
L. 3. 'Lowde than he lough,' W.
L. 6. 'Than were I gladde ynough,' W.

St. XVI.—Gloss. *peype*, pipe—*hafe*, have—*trow not*, true note—*doe*, do—*here*, hear—*stere*, stir—*bot*, but.
L. 2. 'true musyke,' W.

St. XVII.—Gloss. *thothe*, third—*gefe*, give—*threy*, three—*lowhe*, laughed.
The sixth line of this stanza, in W. is 'I wyll desyre no more.'

St. XVIII.—Gloss. *pleyte*, plight—*heyte*, named, promised—*sey*, say—*nou*, now—*se*, see—*bowye*, boy—*ffeythe*, faith—*ffull*, foul.

St. XIX.—Gloss. *mey*, my—*geffe*, gives—*awth*, ought, any thing—*bowth*, bought—*teyme*, time—*lokys*, looks—*welde*, would—*meythe*, might—*plas*, place.

St. XX.—Gloss. *sey*, said—*tho*, then—*begen*, begin—*hemselffe*, themselves—*stere*, stir.
L. 6. 'But laugh on a rowe,' W. erroneously.

St. XXI.—Gloss. *meythe*, might—*saffe*, save—*bowe*, boy—*neythe*, night.
L. 3. 'I take my leve at the,' W.

St. XXII.—Gloss. *he drowe*, it drew—*neythe*, night—*homard*, homeward—*reythe*, right—*ordenans*, ordinance—*bestes*, beasts—*gon*, gan, began.

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St. XXIII.—Gloss. *thos*, thus—*thorow*, through—*towyn*, town—*sowne*, sound—*yeverychone*, ever each one, every one—*hom*, home.

L. 3. 'Into his faders close,' W.

L. 6. 'Into his faders hall he gose,' W.

St. XXIV.—Gloss. *hes*, his—*sopere*, supper—*non*, for *anon*—*toke*, gave.

In repeating this stanza, two have been clumsily thrown into one. In the more modern copy of W. de Worde, which has been printed from a more correct manuscript, the two are given thus:—

'His fader at his souper sat,
Lytell Jacke espyed well that,
And sayd to him anone,
Fader, I haue kepte your nete,
I praye you gyue me some mete,
I am an hongred, by Saynt Jhone.

'I have sytten metelesse
All this daye kepynge your beestes,
My dyner feble it was.
His fader toke a capons wynge,
And at the boye he gan it flynge,
And badde hym ete apace.'

St. XXV.—Gloss. *greued*, grieved—*hert*, heart—*sare*, sore—*en*, in.

L. 2, 3. 'As I tolde you before,
She stared hym in the face.' W.

L. 6. 'It range over all the place.' W.

St. XXVI.—Gloss. *lowhe*, laughed—*god*, good—*weppyd*,

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wept—*welde*, would—*wyll*, well—*wyt*, know—*thes*, this—*beyn*, been.

L. 2. 'waxed red for.' W. L. 4. 'well I wote.' W. L. 6. 'as it had.' W.

St. XXVII.—Gloss. *corsedley*, cursedly—*lokyd*, looked—*hem*, him—*tho*, then—*nortored*, nurtured, bred—*well*, will—*mey*, my—*pelet*, pellet—*ffle*, fly.

L. 3. 'She was almoost rente,' W. Where the sixth line rhyming to this is, 'In fayth or ever she stynte?'

St. XXVIII.—Gloss. *lowe*, laughed—*foll*, full—*schorow*, sorrow—*dam*, dame—*they*, thy—*ffeye*, fay, faith—*gere*, geer.

L. 1, 2. 'The boy sayde unto his dame,
Tempre thy bombe, he sayd, for shame.' W.

St. XXIX.—Gloss. *ffreyre*, friar—*ley*, lie—*neythe*, night—*lowyd*, loved—*a-reythe*, aright.

St. XXX.—Gloss. *bowe*, boy—*corsed*, cursed—*cnaffe*, knave, lad—*nonys*, occasion—*deys*, does—*mekyll*, much—*Y*, I.

L. 1, 2. 'Wee have a boye within, y wys,
A shrewe for the nones he is.' W.

St. XXXI.—Gloss. *methe*, meet—*ffelde*, field—*bet*, beat—*forgeyt*, forget.

L. 4. 'I shall hym bete.' W.

L. 6. 'He dooth me moche shame.' W.

St. XXXII.—Gloss. *y ffey*, in faith—*boys*, boy is—*beche*, bitch—*halde*, hold—*weche*, witch—*bethe*, beat—*bake*, back—*seyde*, side—*trost*, trust

In W. this stanza is given thus:—

'I trowe the boye be some wytche.'
Quod the frere, 'I shall hym teche,

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Have thou no care;
I shall hym teche, yf I may.'
Quod the wyfe, 'I the praye,
Do hym not spare.'

L. 5. The words should evidently be thus arranged, to preserve the rhyme, "I well hem bake and seyde bethe."

St. XXXIII.—Gloss. *cheylde*, child—*roys*, rose—*sone*, soon—*goys*, goes—*hes*, his—*dreyffe*, drive—*leppyd*, leapt—*zatt*, gate—*wende*, weened, thought—*lathe*, late—*ffforthe*, forth (fast, W.) *bleythe*, blithe.

St. XXXIV.—Gloss. *Geynkyn*, the diminutive of Jack—*ffonde*, found—*echone*, each one, every one—*geffe*, give.

L. 2. *Geynkyn*. *kyn*, used thus in terminations, is merely a diminutive, and makes the term sometimes one of endearment, sometimes of familiarity, and even of vulgarity, as in the Turnament of Tottenham. Hence *Jack* and *Jenkyn* may be used indiscriminately of the same person. In the Turnament of Tottenham we have *Hawkyn* (i.e. *Halkyn*) for *Henry*, *Tymkyn* for *Timothy*, *Dawkyn* for *David*, *Perkyn* for *Peter*, *Jeynkyn* (as here) for *John*.

L. 3. 'Dryvynge his beestes all alone.' W.

St. XXXV.—Gloss. *bot*, but, unless—*askowse*, excuse—*the*, thee—*a-bey*, make amends—*y till the*, I tell thee—*leenger*, longer—*well*, will—*heylde*, aileth—*pethe*, pity—*heyldes*, ayleth—*cheyde*, chide.

'But yf thou canst excuse the well,
By my trouth bete the I wyll,
I will no lenger abyde.'

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Quod the boye, 'what eyleth the?
My dame fareth as well as ye:
What nedeth ye to chyde?' W.

St. XXXVI.—Gloss. *well*, will—*wet*, know—*berdys*, birds—*schete*, shoot—*allsco*, also—*seyst*, seest—*set*, sitting—*schett*, shoot—*geff*, give.

L. 6. I suppose the scribe has intended to write, "And geff her the to." W. has a different rhyme—

'And other thynge withall?
Syr, he sayd, though I be lyte,
Yonder byrde wyll I smyte,
And give her the I shall.'

St. XXXVII.—Gloss. *berde*, bird—*breyre*, briar—*schet*, shoot—*ffreyre*, friar—*ffayne*, fain, gladly—*het*, hit—*hede*, head—*sche*, she—*dede*, dead—*fforther*, further—*meythe*, might—*fflee*, fly.

St. XXXVIII.—Gloss. *bosches*, bushes—*hent*, take—*hem thowt*, him thought, it seemed to him—*doyn*, done—*hes*, his—*wheytley*, truely.

L. 3. 'He thought it best for to done.
Jacke toke his pype and began to blowe,
Then the frere, as I trowe,
Began to daunce soone.' W.

St. XXXIX.—Gloss. *sone*, soon—*dans*, dance—*abowth*, about.

L. 2. 'Lyke a wood man.' W.

L. 4. 'The breres scratched hym in the face,
And in money an other place,
That the blode brast out.' W.

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St. XL.—Gloss. *scrat*, scratched—*ffays* face—*wother*, other —*plays*, place—*bey and bey*, by and by—*wede*, weeds, garments.

W. gives the stanza as follows:—

> 'And tare his clothes by and by,
> His cope and his scapelary,
> And all his other wede.
> He daunced amonge thornes thycke,
> In many places they dyde hym prycke,
> That fast gan he blede.'

St. XLI.—Gloss. *amonge*, (see note to St. I. of the Nut-browne Mayd)—*yuis*, I wis, I know—*a*, he—*hoppyd*, hopped—*wonderley*, wonderfully—*hey*, high—*reyall*, royal.

St. XLII.—Gloss. *leffyd*, lifted—*op*, up—*a*, he—*y*, I—*to lange*, too long—*prey*, pray—*stèll*, still—*mey trowt*, my trouth —*pleyt*, plight—*fferther*, further—*seyde*, side—*weytley*, truly.

These two last stanzas are thus printed by Wynkyn de Worde:—

> "Jacke pyped and laughed amonge,
> The frere amonge the thornes was thronge,
> He hopped wunders hye;
> At the last he held up his honde,
> And sayd, 'I have daunced so longe,
> That I am lyke to dye.
>
> Gentyll Jacke, holde thy pype styll,
> And my trouth I plyght the tyll,
> I will do the no woo.'
> Jacke sayd in that tide,
> 'Frere, skyppe out on the ferder syde,
> Lygntly that thou were goo.'"

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St. XLIII.—Gloss. *bossches*, bushes—*to-ragyde*, torn in rags —*to-rent*, torn to pieces—*toren*, torn—*unneyes*, (for *unnethes*) scarcely—*cloyt*, clout—*preveyte*, privity—*heyde*, hide.

L. 5. 'His bely for to wrappe aboute.' W.

St. XLIV.—Gloss. *went*, thought—*be*, been—*wod*, mad.

W. gives the three first lines of this stanza, which our scribe has omitted:

> 'The breres had hym scratched so in the face,
> And many an other place,
> He was all to-bledde with blode.'

St. XLV.—Gloss. *wost*, host—*gorney*, journey—*bost*, boast —*nother*, nor—*drade*, frightened.

L. 3. 'His clothes were rente all.' W. A reading much inferior to that of the manuscript.

St. XLVI.—Gloss. *weyfe*, wife, woman—*corsed plas*, cursed place—*thenkyt me*, it seems to me—*lekely*, likely, probably—*ffram*, from—*dewyll*, devil—*owyrcom*, overcome.

L. 2. 'In an evyll place I wene.' W.

L. 4. 'I have ben with thy sone.' W.

St. XLVII.—Gloss. *god man*, good-man—*ffolle*, foul—*leffe*, beloved—*haet*, has—*holey*, holy.

St. XLVIII.—Gloss. *hays*, has—*do*, done—*let*, hindrance, delay—*mot*, may—*dans*, dance—*magre*, maugre, in spite of—*mey hedd*, my head—*breyres*, briars—*bysches*, bushes—*hay a-bowte*, hey about.

L. 6. W. de Worde's edition has here what the rhyme requires, "Amonge the thornes, 'hey go bette.'" Ritson observes thereupon, "The name, it is probable, of some old dance. To 'dance hey go mad,' is still a common expression in the north."

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Our copy has evidently been taken from the recitation of some one in whose part of the country the song 'hey about' was more popular than 'hey go bette.'

St. XLIX.—Gloss. *meytys*, mightest—*a*, have—*be*, been—*sclayen*, slain—*byn*, been—*gret*, great—*sen*, sin—*wore*, our—*ladey*, lady—*merely*, merrily—*cowd*, could—*blen*, desist, stop.

St. L.—Gloss. *het*, it—*drow*, drew—*neythe*, night—*dyth*, dight—*wone*, habitude—*can*, began—*hether*, hither.

L. 2, 3. 'The boye came home full ryght,
As he was wont to do.' W.

L. 6. 'And badde hym to come hym to.' W.

St. LI.—Gloss. *lesyng*, falsehood—*ffaye*, faith.

W. alone has preserved the first line of this stanza:—'Boye, he sayd, tell me here.'

St. LII.—Gloss. *fforffend*, forbid, ward off—*tythyng*, tiding—*gys*, yes—*gras*, grace—*creyed*, cryed—*ded*, did—*wreyng*, wring.

St. LIII.—Gloss. *loffe*, love—*well*, will—*here*, hear—*can*, know—*redde*, advice, counsel—*bot and*, unless—*bot*, but—*leyfe*, life.

L. 6. 'Well I wote my lyfe is lost.' W.

St. LIV.—Gloss. *hent*, took—*on-tell*, unto—*medward*, midst—*soper*, supper—*lowhe*, laughed—*att*, for *ther-att*.

St. LV.—Gloss. *yaver*, ever—*welt*, wilt—*mot y the*, may I thrive—*gret plente*, great plenty.

This stanza, which here has been so mangled in the recitation, is given as follows by Wynkyn de Worde:—

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'Than sayd the good man,
Pype on good sone,
Hardely, whan thou wylle.
Fader, he sayd, so mote I the,
Have ye shall y-nough of gle,
Tyll ye bydde me be styll."

St. LVI—Gloss. *yever*, ever—*nas*, was not (ne was)—*on*, one *stell*, still—*stere*, stir.

"As soon as Jacke the pype hent,
All that there were verament,
Began to daunce and lepe:
Whan they gan the pype here,
They myght not themselfe stere,
But hurled on an hepe." W.

St. LVII.—Gloss. *stod*, stood—*dyspyre*, despair—*ros*, rose—*ffro*, from—*ower*, over—*stombelyd*, stumbled—*ffeyre*, fire.

"The good man was in no dyspayre,
But lyghtly lepte out of his chayre,
All with a good chere;
Some lepte over the stocke,
Some stombled at the blocke,
And some fell flatte in the fyre.'

St. LVIII.—Gloss. *beheynde*, behind—*weynd*, wind—*crake*, crack.

'The good man had grete game,
How they daunced all in same;
The good wyfe after gan steppe,
Evermore she kest her eye at Jacke,
And fast her tayle began to cracke,
Lowder than they coude speke.' W.

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St. LIX.—Gloss. *croked*, twisted (?)—*hed*, head—*agens*, against—*gras*, grace—*ropys*, ropes—*wrong*, wrung—*sken*, skin—*deyvars plas*, divers place.

L. 1. 'The frere hymselfe was almoost lost, For knockynge.' W.

L. 4. 'Rubbed hym under the chynne.' W.

St. LX.—Gloss. *bowe*, boy—*nas nat*, ne was not—*on*, one—*cowed*, could—*stent*, desist—*dor*, door—*theke*, thick—*yether*, either—*yn*, on—*neke*, neck—*weytely*, cleverly—*trepyd*, tripped.

L. 6. 'So pretely out they wente.' W.

St. LXI.—Gloss. *neybers*, neighbours—*bey*, by—*hache*, hatch.

'Neyghbours that were fast by,
Herde the pype go so meryly,
They ranne into the gate;
Some lepte over the hatche,
They had no time to draw the latche,
They wende they had come to late.' W.

St. LXII.—Gloss. *hard*, heard—*yeke*, eke, also—*soyt*, sooth.

'Some laye in theyr bedde,
And helde up theyr hede,
Anone they were waked:
Some sterte in the waye,
Truly as I you saye,
Stark bely naked.' W.

St. LXIII.—Gloss. *gedered*, gathered—*medward*, midst—*meyt*, might—*hondeys*, hand—*ffeyt*, feet.

L. 2. 'I wys there was a grete route, Dauncynge in the.' W.

St. LXIV.—Gloss. *seys*, cease—*welte*, wilt—*meryst*, merriest—*fest*, feast ('fytte,' W.)—*seyen*, seven—*eyr*, year.

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St. LXV.—Gloss. *ffals*, false—*somon*, summon—*affore*, before.

L. 1. 'They daunced all in same,' W. which gives the last two lines thus:—

'Here I somon the that thou appere
Before the offycyall.'

St. LXVI.—Gloss. *ffreyday*, Friday—*meyselffe*, myself—*sey*, say, tell—*be-fforen*, before—*afoue*, avow—*welt*, wilt.

L. 3. 'For to ordeyne the sorowe.' W.

St. LXVII.—Gloss. *boyt*, both—*plas*, place—*offeciall*, official.

L. 2. 'Jackes stepdame and the frere
Togeder there they mette;
Folke gadered a grete pase,
To here every mannes case.' W.

St. LXVIII.—Gloss. *moche*, much—*maters*, matters—*on*, one—*boyte*, both—*prest*, priest—*testmentes*, testaments—*preffe*, prove—*ffomen*, women—*leffe*, leave—*bethekys*, betwixt—*legys*, legs.

L. 5. *ffomen*. This change of *w* for *f* is very curious: but I have noticed a similar exchange of letters at an earlier period in the following passage of a semi-Saxon herbal and medical treatise of the end of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century, (MS. Harl. N°. 6258 B, fol. 82 v°). It informs us of the medical virtues of the flesh, head, eye, and milk of the wolf.

"*Medicina Lupo.*

"Wiȝ deofol scocnesse and wiȝ ẏfele ge-sihþe. *fulfes* flæsc. wel ge-tawod and ge-soden sẏle etan. þam þe þearf sẏ. þa scinlac þa hym ær ætiwdan. ne ge-un-stillaþ hẏ hine. To slæpe. *fulfes* heafod lege under þane pule. se un-hala slæped. fah hræt on weg

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to done. ge-nim *fulfes* sẏ yrþre eage. and hẏt to-sting. and wrẏþe to þan eagon. hit ge-wanaþ þer sar. gif hẏt gelomelice þar mid ge-smẏred bẏð. Se wifman þat habbæ dead bearn on innoþe. gif heo drinced *fulfune* meoluc mid wine ge-menged. ge-lice efne sona hẏt haleð."

The literature of the period of the breaking up of the Saxon, that is from the middle of the twelfth to the middle of the thirteenth century, deserves, for the sake of the language, more attention than has been hitherto given to it. I hope soon to see published the first volume of Sir Frederick Madden's Layamon, which will furnish abundant materials for the poetry of that period; there exists in manuscript an immense mass of materials for the prose.

St. LXIX.—Gloss. *pot*, put—*ffȯret*, forth—*hes cas*, his case —*browth*, brought—*werket*, works—*mekyll*, much.

L. 2. 'Frere Topyas.' W.

L. 4. 'Syr offyciall, sayd he.' W.

St. LXX.—Gloss. *negremansar*, necromancer—*Horleyans*, Orleans—*wech*, witch—*be weythe*, by truth.

L. 4. 'He is a wytche, quod the wyfe:
Than, as I shall tell you blythe,
Lowde coude she blowe.' W.

The rhymes *wyfe* and *blythe* here, are not much better than *stepdame* and *weythe*, but in the earlier popular poetry *f* and *th* were allowed to rhyme together, as also *nd* and *ng* and some others.

St. LXXI.—Gloss. *ffayle*, fail—*werecs*, works—*ames*, amiss —*let*, desist.

St. LXXII.—Gloss. *fferd*, afraid—*crake*, crack—*derst*, durst —*longe*, on account of—*mot*, may.

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